

WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XIV—NO. 9.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1861.

WHOLE NO. 685.

THE MINSTREL OF THE FOREST.

A TALE.

[CONCLUDED.]

"I wept at the speech of your generous countryman; and, seizing his hand, as I arose—"I can never, no! never, forget the Thufnelda I once thought worthy of my love, my idolatrous love! I shall still adore the memory of that perfect creature! I shall cherish the idea in my inmost soul. I forgive the Thufnelda that now is; and, for her sake forswear all womankind!" I wrung his hand as I ended, and darted out of the house.

"I immediately threw up my commission in the army; sequestered myself within the walls of my castle; and, in a short time after, I heard that Captain Spencer, and his family, were arrived in England. I now cast off the dress of men, and robed myself in this garment, that I might have nothing to remind me of the world. I dropped the bridge over the moat; I refused admittance to all visitors; and a three years seclusion within these towers has so far erased my name from the memory of mankind, that I am never mentioned but by the wretched victims of misfortune; who—I have little merit in giving away that which I otherwise could not use—receive the abundance of my yearly revenue, to chase the haggard form of poverty from the doors where other woes have introduced affliction. My hours drag on their lingering length in listlessness and sorrow. My harp is my constant companion; and to its tones I frame the history of my sufferings.

"This is the tale of my life. I blush while I relate it: but alas! I am a man, a man whose heart is softened by every weakness of human nature; and I find it impossible to merge from the melancholy which has drowned the ardors of my youth, and will sink the name of Weimar in the dust! O! Thufnelda! Thufnelda! this is thy work!"

As he concluded, he looked at the picture with an eye of phrenzy; and, starting from his chair, paced the room in a paroxysm of agony. Greville remained silent; and, for a time, he forgot his own grief in the woes of the noble Xavier. But, the next morning, he arose; and dressing himself in a mourning habit, which vainly pictured the sorrow of his mind, descended into the hall, where he met the Count in the same garments. "Be not surprised," said he, "If you will permit me, I mean to accompany you to the funeral of your friend; and, if you approve of it, will order his remains to be deposited in the sepulchre which contains the ashes of the House of Weimar."

The bustling heart of Greville could only thank him with a sigh; and, mounting their horses, they proceeded to Naumberg. As they entered the town, they met the procession attending the bier of his Willoughby. "Was I not expected?" sighed Endymion to himself. "Cruel fate, not to wait for the tears of his only friend!"

At the approach of the Count, every eye gazed with wonder, and every head bowed with reverence, from the exemplary tenor of his life, whom they never expected would again appear in the haunts of men. He commanded the procession to

proceed to the chapel of the Castle of Weimar. His orders were obeyed; and, the rites being paid to the sacred dead, the attendants left the church, and Greville found himself alone: only Weimar stood, with his arms folded, gazing on the yet unclosed tomb, with an expression on his countenance that told how he envied the possessors of that peaceful mansion. "I am now at liberty," exclaimed Endymion, plunging into the vault, and throwing himself on the coffin of his friend; "I am now at liberty to pour out my bustling heart, on thy cold remains, my Henry! O my Henry!" His bosom heaved; and his throbbing side too truly told the agony that racked his soul. His tongue was denied farther utterance; and, clasping the insensible coffin in his arms, he drew the most tearing groans from his swelling breast, which heaved with such a violence, that every breathing seemed the last sigh of the miserable sufferer. Weimar caught him up in his arms, as the soul seemed gliding from its wretched mansion, and carried him into the air; and, by the assistance of the servants, into the castle. He laid him on a couch; and, having brought him to himself, he left him to enjoy the first tumult of his grief in solitude. He went to the chapel, saw the tomb laid over the lifeless body of the gallant Willoughby, and gave orders for a monument to be erected to his memory: he then returned; and, gently opening the door, he saw Greville seated on the sofa, with his eyes fixed on the ground. He started at the entrance of Weimar! who advanced to him; and tenderly taking his hand, told him what he had done. "May God in Heaven bless you!" cried he, catching him in his arms, and bursting into tears. The eyes of the brave German flowed in sympathy with his; and, with bleeding hearts, they retired to their chambers.

The next morning, when Greville came into the hall, to bid adieu to his amiable and unfortunate host, he wept afresh. Weimar pressed him to his breast; and ungirding his sword from his thigh, put it into the hands of Endymion: "Take this, my Greville! it is the sword of my ancestors. I am the last of their race; and I know not one more worthy to direct the sword of the valiant Saxe Weimar, than the merciful heart of Endymion Greville! Farewell my amiable friend! The recollection of thee will soften my sorrows; and if I could hope to see thee once again, the anticipation would diffuse an unknown cheerfulness through these gloomy towers!"

Greville pressed the sword to his lips: "I receive this as a mark of your friendship; and I shall keep it as a memorial that there exists yet one heart that loves me. If I live, the succeeding Autumn shall see me in Germany. Where is now my home? Henry is no more, who bound me to my native country! and where his dear reliques lie, there shall be my resting place!"

As he ended, he once more rushed into the arms of the Count; and then, tearing himself from his bosom, to England took his melancholy way.

SCRAP. The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure is contentment, and the greatest possession is health.

THE CHALLENGE.

AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

AN ANECDOTE.

A Scotch Major, who had been so skilful with his sword, as to fight several duels with repeated success, but who, an account of his extreme desire for quarrelling when a little intoxicated, and for his boasted courage, was deserted and despised by his brother officers, came one evening into a large company. There happened to be present a Yankee, an officer of the same regiment, which was then stationed at Montreal. This Yankee related among other things, the failure of a certain expedition in which he had the misfortune to be wounded.—"That was because you were a rascally set of cowards," observed the supercilious Major. "You are a liar," says the Yankee. The company stared. The Scotchman looked down upon him with as much contempt as Goliath did upon David, and immediately asked, "are you a man to meet me?" "Yes," replied the Yankee, "at any time, and where you please only with this proviso, that we meet without seconds." "Well then, to-morrow morning at five o'clock at——" "Agreed." The company present endeavored to dissuade the Yankee, telling him the Major had every advantage where he had none, and that he had best compromise matters, ere he would have cause to repent his rashness; but he still persisted. The next morning, the Yankee repaired to the place, somewhat before the appointed hour, armed with a large musket; shortly after, the Major made his appearance, with his brace of pistols and his sword.—Before he had advanced far, the Yankee in an austere tone, bid him stop, or he would blow his brains out. Upon which, the Major, struck with amazement at this unexpected stratagem, reluctantly obeyed, but expostulated with him upon the injustice of such an un-gentleman-like proceeding. The Yankee was implacable, determined to punish him for his past conduct, and the abuse he had received. "Lay down your sword and pistols," says he, (still presenting his musket) "and to the right, about face, march!" The poor Major was again under the necessity of obeying, and uttering a volley of curses against his stars, passively submitted.—The Yankee then quietly took possession of his arms. "'Tis base, 'tis cowardly, thus to disarm me of all defence," says the Major. "No," replied his fellow combatant "I will deal honorably with you, there, take my musket, (throwing it towards him) and defend yourself." He, quite incensed, seized the weapon with a mixture of exultation and precipitate vengeance, and rushing forward, demanded his arms or he would blow him to the devil; "blow away," said the Yankee. Provoked at such an unparalleled insolence, in a fit of phrenzy, he drew the trigger! But, alas! the musket had not been charged! The glory of our bragadocio was so sullied, and his feelings so mortally wounded by this indignity, that he sold his commission, and left the place.

REMARK.

If a man says that you have good sense, you will readily allow that he has a good judgment.

FROM HYMEN'S RECRUITING SERJEANT.

Addressed to OLD BACHELORS.

And the Lord said, "It is not good for man to be alone,"

For, 1. If you are for pleasure---Marry!

2. If you prize rosy health---Marry!

3. And even if money be your object---Marry!

Now let's to the point, and prove these precious truths. Draw near ye Bachelors of the willing ear, while with the grey quill of experience I write THE PLEASURES OF THE MARRIED STATE.

Believe me, Citizen Bachelor, never man yet received his full allowance, heap'd up and running over, of this life's joys, until it was measured out to him by the generous hand of a loving wife.

A man, with half an eye, may see that I am not talking here of those droll matches, which now and then, throw a whole neighbourhood into a wonderation; where scores of good people are called together to eat mince-pies, and to hear a blooming nymph of fourteen, promise to take---"for better and for worse"---an old fiddle of four-score! Or to see the sturdy glowing youth, lavishing kisses on the shrivell'd lips of his great-grand-mother-bride! O cursed lust of self! From such matches, good Lord, deliver all true hearted republicans! For such matches have gone a great way to make these sweetest notes, husband and wife, to found prodigiously out o'-tune! The old husband, after all his honey-moon looks, grunts a jealous bass, while young Maday, wretched in spite of her coach and lute-strings, speaks a scolding treble; making between them, a fine cat and dog concert of it for life!

PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE.

The following event, which happened during the great fire in the town of Zehednick, deserves to be recorded.

"One house only escaped the fury of the flames; it was inhabited by a trooper belonging to the garrison, named Luck. His little daughter five years old, was in the house when the fire broke out, and the manner in which she escaped is next to a miracle. The trooper and his wife went out early in the morning to their work, and according to the custom of the labourers, they left the little girl behind. At the sound of the fire bell, the mother perceived from the field in which she was at work, the flames ascending from all parts of the town, she ran immediately in her house, hastened to collect a few articles of wearing apparel in order to deposit them in some place of safety out of the town, desiring the child to remain quietly in the house till she returned; yet notwithstanding she made the greatest haste, the flames had gained such strength that she was not able to gain the habitation in which she had left the only fruit of her affection; she was scarce able to save herself.

"The next morning the father entered the town, reduced to ashes, and was amazed to see his house standing upright and untouched; he approached it with a throbbing bosom, full of impatience his eye only sought his infant; but what was his joy in looking through the window to perceive his little daughter, quite easily, playing with the cat. Tears of transport and gratitude to Providence ran down his cheeks; he rushed into the house. "Papa," cried the child as soon as she saw him, "why have you been so long away, there was a great fire, the room was quite light with it, I was very much afraid, but I am now quiet, give me a bit of bread, for I am very hungry."

ANECDOTE FOR DUELLISTS.

FELTON, who is well known to have assassinated the Duke of Buckingham, in the year 1628, having once received an affront from a gentleman, sent him a written challenge. It is said, to prove his bravery and magnanimity, he cut off, and enclosed in his letter, the tip of his little finger---if challenges, in the present day, were to be conducted in this manner, many of our besux and pistol heroes, would doubtless be rather more careful of engaging in quarrels, and would, perhaps, discover less honor in the too common and expensive practice of duelling.

EPITAPH.

T: I: W

K: I: W: T: B: E: C

No os T. H G: V: oh T: I

T: I

We: H: S: S: G: N: H: T: I: L

Ad

Nat: Se: J: A: Se: Fil

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

14th of December.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF WASHINGTON.

MUTE, Memory stands at Valor's awful shrine;

In tears Columbia mourns her Hero dead;

A world's regret, O! WASHINGTON! is thine,

For Nature forrow'd as thy spirit fled.

Oh! on thy deeds, exulting, I could dwell,

Could speak the merits of thy honor'd name;

But ah! what need my humble muse to tell,

When Rapture's self has echo'd forth thy fame?

Not the bright fear that matchless courage claims,

To honest zeal and soft compassion due,

Alone is thine; lo! o'er thy sacred name

Each virtue weeps, for all once liv'd in you.

Still thy lov'd name its energies shall deal,

When wild storms gather round thy country's fun;

Her glowing youth shall grasp the gleamy steel,

Rank'd round the glorious wreaths which thou hast won

A. B.

DECEMBER.

STERN Winter, riding on the northern blast,

Now sways her iron sceptre o'er the plain;

Dishevell'd Nature trembling stands aghast;---

The pallid sun puts forth its rays in vain.

The call's unfretted curtains frown to yield,

Selvag'd with nipping icicles impend;

The bould'ring snow belittles the naked field;---

The gelid cavern whistles to the wind.

The little brooks that in their channels play'd,

No more are seen to glitter down the steep;

Like the sweet flow'rs that late their margins clad,

In snowy wreaths obscur'd, supinely sleep.

The sad historian of sweet Summer past,

The famish'd songster on the frozen spray,

Effays to spread his wings upon the blast,

To glean a scanty meal throughout the day.

Ah! who can tell how many a little heart,

Amid the storm, low in the forest sighs;

Sore is the hand divine that can impart

Relief, when Nature her hand stores denies.

Wrapt in her snowy mantle Nature sleeps;

No pleading image warms to the fight;

Shrill on the blast the midnight spirit weeps,

And trembling day resigns her reign to night!

Hark! how the tempest through the forest sounds;

The lofty oak assunder down is cast;

The humble hawthorn in her lowly bound,

With rusted fruit adorn'd, withstands the blast.

Such is thy fate, vain man;---believe it true;

Say, what avail thy riches, pomp, and shews?

Alas! when life's stern winter knits the brow,

'Tis virtue only, like the thorn, that blows.

O ye, by fortune's choicest blessings crown'd,

Who know no cares, save what your follies make;

Who scarcely feel the pulse of Nature bound,

Ah! think on these that fortune does forsake.

Behold the wretch amid th' un pitying storm,

Whose woe worn face has seen a better day;---

The tatter'd garb that wraps his shiv'ring form,---

His few gray hairs that with the tempest play.

---His languid eyes, that speak his inward need;

Crush'd with the weight of years and endless grief;

From door to door he begs a little bread---

From hearts of stone, perhaps demands relief!

View well the picture---such may yet be yours,---

The smiles of fortune frequently o'ercall;

I've seen the morning gild the lyvan bow'rs,

That, long ere day, have bent beneath the blast.

As Heaven is kind to thee, be kind to those

That friendless mourn---from every comfort barr'd---

That no stern laws this precept do impose,

Yet gen'rous actions find their own reward.

SCRAP.

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life

Is bound in shallows and in miseries,

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

MEDDLER, No. XVI.

[CONCLUDED.]

Saturday, December 5, 1801.

IN the rich, fertile, and beautiful vale of F---, which is nearly surrounded by some of those majestic mountains, whose chain extends from Canada to the sea, lived the once happy family of DUMONT. He was a venerable person, of about the age of sixty;---his manners were those of hospitable good nature, and his countenance which was healthy and ripe, sparkled the liquid lustre of a benevolent and feeling heart. He had chosen his retreat on the smiling banks of a stream which run murmuring from the hills, and the inmate of his cot was the amiable, beloved and gentle LUCY. They were not very rich, but---they were contented; and their only daughter, whom they loved with unbounded affection, compensated for every other blessing which Heaven, in its goodness, had denied them. There was quite a dispute, at her birth, about what should be her name. DUMONT would have it LUCY, after the wife he loved. LUCY asked that it might be HARRIETTE, in remembrance of a deceased friend, whom she knew DUMONT regarded with a friendship equal to her own. They argued the point with honest good nature, till DUMONT, with a smile, left it to the mother. HARRIETTE grew up, and became the fair flower of the village. She was mild and gentle in her manner; of a mind characterized by the most refined sentiment; and possessed a beauty, which, though it might not be quick in its attacks upon the heart, yet was always sure; for "in the blue horizon of HARRIETTE'S eye," there was a bewitching power, which laughed to scorn the proud principles of that philosophy which would persuade us, that externals can not effect us. Among others who visited the dwelling of DUMONT with delight, was young HENRY. He was a generous youth, and had a heart too susceptible not to be touched by the sweet countenance and amiable temper of HARRIETTE. Their affection was mutual;---but it was disapproved by the wife of DUMONT. She had a high opinion of her daughter's worth; and with a pride, produced and cherished, perhaps, only by a mother's fondness, forbid the modest HENRY her house. He, in consequence, enlisted in the western service, and "bit the plain," with many a hero, in the bloody battle of the Little Miami. His death was soon told to HARRIETTE; She pined away in silent grief,---and the hall of DUMONT "echoed no more with joy." Her tomb lies in the village church-yard, shaded by a hanging willow; but tells to the reader nothing but her name, and the time of her death. I have often paused to view it; and whether it was my fancy or the spirit of the place I know not, but the breeze as it whispered among the leaves, in low hollow murmurs seemed to say--- "WHAT A LESSON FOR MOTHERS IS THE FATE OF HARRIETTE!" S.

ANECDOTE.

A Pedantic gentleman who was travelling, and above common language, stopped at an inn to get his horse and himself refreshment. Seeing some boys when he alighted, he ordered one to circumbulate his horse about the mansion, then permit him to inhale a moderate quantity of aqueous particles, after which give him proper vegetable nutriment, and he would make him pecuniary satisfaction. The boy being unaccustomed to such language, ran into the house and told his father a prince was without doors, who spoke French; the Father comes out and hearing the man scold, asked him what was the matter? Sir, says the gentleman, I invoke all the geni asthis's, that your offspring rejected me, and refused to put in practice my desire. Now sir, you I implore to enforce obedience upon them, by correction; and then immediately to provide me some nutritious substance to strengthen nature, cured over vegetable fuel, as I abhor the sulphurous tincture of minerals; remember to get me some stimulous with it. The innkeeper, without much hesitation concluded him a mad man, and with his latty wife seized and tied him hands and feet, to a ring in the barn floor, then went for a doctor, who put a moderate blister on his back, which in three days brought him to his wandering senses.

MILTON'S WILL.

THIS great poet's will bears date in 1670, and in 1674 he died. Introductory to one of the legacies is the following singular remark: "Unto my daughter next mentioned I should have left more, but she neglected me when I was blind, and forsook me in my old age."

RIDDLE.

A Gentleman, on travel, met
A modest servant maid;
Her artless beauty for him smit,
He wrote to her and said:
"In lawful wedlock's holy bands
"I wish with you to join;—
"And hope to have from your fair hands
"A satisfying line."

The girl had never learnt to write,
Nor would another truth,
That in her lofs might take delight,
So few are true and just:
But from her kitchen stores she sent
A something safe enclosed,
That satisfied his wish and want,
Say what, when thou halt paused.

December 9.

SONNET.

ON THE NEWS OF PEACE IN EUROPE.

HARK! Sure ethereal symphonies I hear—
And lo! some cherub from the realms of day,
"Glides without step" adown the solar ray,
With some behest for our sublunar sphere.
'Tis PEACE! she comes to calm a troubled world,
And scenes of human blood and carnage close;
To hush the feuds of nations to repose,
And bid War's crimson'd banners to be fold'd.
All hearts are rapture, joy thrills ev'ry vein,
To hail the golden æra from above,
Beneath whose influence harmony and love,
With science, and her offspring, Truth, shall reign—
And long may be their reign, with Virtue join'd;
Long sweet Benevolence embrace mankind!

HYPOCRISY.

There is no man who does not ad the hypocrite on some occasion. The Count Gaspard de Schlick, who had been chancellor of three preceding Emperors, said to Frederick the Third, that he would instantly retire from the world, as he saw that it was filled with hypocrites and knaves, "You must then go to some unknown country," replied Frederick: "and yet there will be one hypocrite wherever you reside, unless you pretend to be a God, and not a man."

LEGAL CRITICISM.

NOT long ago an eminent special pleader was at the Theatre seeing the play of Macbeth. In the scene where Macbeth questions the Witches in the cavern what they had been doing, they answer, "A deed without a name." This phrase struck the ears of the special pleader much more forcibly than the most energetic passages of the play; and he immediately remarked to a friend who accompanied him, "A deed without a name! why 'tis void."

REMARK.

IT often happens in company, as in apothecaries shops, that those pots which are empty, are as gaudily dressed and flourished, as those that are full.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1801.

The President of the United States has issued a Proclamation, dated the 30th of November, exhorting the citizens of the United States, and requiring the officers thereof, to use their utmost endeavors to apprehend and bring to punishment, the principal and accessories of an atrocious murder committed in August last, on an Indian woman of the Cherokee tribe, in peace and friendship with the United States; in the county of Knox in the State of Tennessee; aggravated also by the consideration, that it was committed at a moment when a friendly meeting was about to be held by commissioners of the United States, with the Chiefs of the said tribe of Indians, for the purpose of making certain arrangements favorable to the tranquility and advantage of the frontier settlers, as well as just and eligible to the Indians themselves.

And moreover, offers a reward of 1000 dollars for each principal and 500 for each accessory.

On Monday last, at 7 o'clock A. M. one of the powder mills near Frankford, (Pennsylvania) the property of Mess. Lane and Decature was blown up, occasioned by a small part of an iron cogg having been worn off and dropping between the powder and rollers. About 150lbs. of powder was in the mill at the time of explosion, and the person attending it was very dangerously hurt.—The loss is very trifling, not amounting to more than 80 dollars. Great credit is due to the inhabitants of Frankford, for their immediate and active exertions in suppressing the fire.

The Boston Centinel says, Capt. Freeman has arrived at Newberryport, in a short passage from England, with a report that the Definitive Treaty between England and France had been signed.

Letters from Lisbon to merchants in this city, announce, that the Cape of Good Hope, still declared by Treaty to be a free port, is nevertheless to remain in the hands of the British.

REVOLT IN ST. DOMINGO.

On Monday evening, Capt. Symonds arrived here in 30 days from Cape Francois. Letters brought by him, dated Oct 23, state, that a dreadful scene of robbery and murder had taken place there; that an army of revolted negroes had occupied a few leagues without the gates of the city—their intention being to march to and fire it, and massacre the whites; that the country presented a spectacle of unheard of devastation, the insurgents sparing neither women, old-men nor children.

Capt. Symonds informs, that when he sailed the minds of the people at the Cape were in a degree tranquilized; and business recommenced.—The report was that about 1500 of the insurgents had been shot, drowned, &c. and that it was supposed they had previously massacred about 60 white people.

An Ordinance has been issued at Vienna, by his royal highness, the Archduke Charles, forbidding the young men the privilege of following such "ridiculous fashions as hats without a leaf, cropped heads, neck-handkerchiefs enveloping the chin, pantaloons, and slippers scarcely covering the toes."—Are not our bucks ready to pronounce the Archduke a monstrous old fashioned fellow?

LONDON, Oct. 22.

Buonaparte has at last given peace to Europe! France is now at peace with all the world. Four Treaties have been concluded by the Chief Consul within three weeks, viz, with Portugal, Britain Russia, and Turkey. A copy of the latter, which was signed at Paris on Friday, we received last night in the French Journals to the 19. The news was announced at the Theatres on the 19, and next day by the firing of cannon, and other demonstrations of joy.

OCTOBER 23.

Wednesday, several of our swiftest sailing vessels were dispatched from Portsmouth for the East and West Indies, the Mediterranean, Newfoundland, and the Coast of Guinea, with official intelligence to the respective Governors and Commanders in Chief in those parts of the signing of the Preliminaries of Peace. This measure, which appears to have been postponed for the purpose of enabling government to form a certain opinion with respect to the final restoration of tranquility, may be considered as a satisfactory proof that ministers entertain no apprehensions of any obstacles arising to prevent the conclusion of the definitive treaty.

BRISTOL, Oct 5.

On Saturday immense crowds were assembled in the public street, and on the exchange, to welcome in the London Mail. On its arrival at Temple Gate, the populace took out the horses, and upwards of 100 persons, linking their hands together, drew the mail (which was richly decorated with flags and laurel), amidst the acclamations of thousands, to the Bush Tavern.

On the Gazette arriving here with the account that, Preliminaries of peace have been signed, it sent on board all the prison ships at Homage the glorious news; and the Frenchmen in the convalescent ships, who were in their hammocks sick, actually got out and danced upon the main deck.

STAMPED PAPER.

Sold at J. Harriston's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

COURT of HYMEN.

Look round our world, behold the chain of love,
Combining all below and all above,
See plastic nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to the next in place,
Form'd and impell'd, its neighbour to embrace.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday evening the 25th ult. at Morris-Town, by the Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr ISAAC M'COMB, to Miss CATHARINE BAGLEY, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last week, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Captain DAVID BENNET, of the ship Franklin, to Miss ANN BURLING, daughter of Ebenezer S. Burling, Esq.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Linn, Mr. STEPHEN SMITH, to Miss MARY JACKSON, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr JOHN PATRICK, of this city, merchant, to Miss SARAH ANN STEWART.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr GILBERT ROBERTSON, of this city, merchant, to Mrs. ADELAIDE GOUVERNEUR, widow of the late Isaac Gouverneur.

MORTALITY.

Thus 'midst the bloom of promised years,
When pleasure holds her golden reign,
How oft the tyrant Death appears
To dash the sprightly joy with pain!

DIED.

On Sunday morning, THOMAS SMELLIE, Esq, a native of Hamilton, in Scotland,—he lately came to this city for the recovery of his health. His death is lamented by those few who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

A Charity Sermon will be preached to-morrow morning in the Old Presbyterian Church, and a collection raised for the use of the POOR.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening, will be presented the celebrated play of

Abaellino,
THE GREAT BANDIT.

To which will be added, a Farce in two acts, called,

The Romp.

BOX 81. PIT 61. GALLERY 41.
VIVAT RESPUBLICA.

TICKETS

IN THE NAVIGATION LOTTERY.

Sold by John Harriston, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

ALSO,

ALMANACKS for 1802, per groce, dozen, or single.

FOR THE USE OF THE FAIR SEX,
The Genuine French Almond Pate,

Superior to any thing in the world for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chopped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy—this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. Dubois, Perfumer, No. 81 William-street New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as Pomatums of all sorts, common and scented Hair Powders, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Water, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, Asiatic Balm for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors, and Razor Strops of the best kind, handsome Dressing Cases for Ladies and gentlemen complete, Tortoise shell and Ivory Combs, Swansdown and Silk Puffs, Pinching and curling Irons, &c.

COURT OF APOLLO.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

*LISIS AND LOUISA,

A TALE,--FROM THE SPANISH.

IN yonder hamlet, near the grove,
Far from the winding road,
Lond LISIS, form'd for feats of love,
Had fix'd his sweet abode.

LOUISA tender, young and fair,
Had long possess'd his heart;
He liv'd for her, his only care,
From her 'twas pain to part.

She cherish'd soon a mutual flame,
For merit so refus'd;
The thought of LISIS' lovely name
Would please her am'rous mind.

The youth, impatient to obtain
Those joys as yet untry'd,
Before her fire prefer'd his claims,
And ask'd her for his bride.

But he with cruel frown reply'd
Observe my fix'd decree;
LOUISA ne'er shall be ally'd
To one less rich than she.

With pain the Shepherd's anxious breath,
This sentence dire receiv'd,
His cot was all he ere possess'd,
In that his mother liv'd.

Yet, longing to obtain that hand,
Which wealth alone could gain,
He labor'd in a foreign land,
And plow'd the furgy main.

With toil and persevering care,
He gain'd the wish'd for aid;
And flew, with am'rous hope, to share
His chaste and lovely maid.

LOUISA, constant as the dove,
With joy receiv'd her swain;
She strait resolv'd to crown his love,
And lead in Hymen's train.

But fate will oft the tend'rest tie
With cruelty destroy,
And unforeseen events deny
To purest love its joy.

His mother, long with vigor blest,
Now bends to meet the grave;
No more enjoys her placid rest,
Of dire disease the slave.

The youth, alarm'd at this rude shock,
The Doctor's aid procures;
He offers him his little stock,
If he his mother cures.

The Doctor quickly, by his art,
Restores her failing health;
But LISIS must forever part
With Love's sweet gotten wealth.

Unhappy swain! how hard thy case!
Thy joys, alas! how short!
Another now supplies thy place,
And shares LOUISA's heart.

Despairing of his love long fought,
He for LOUISA sighs;
Nor cherish'd an undutious thought,
But secret pining, dies.

A. C.

ANECDOTE.

An Irish horse-dealer sold a mare, as sound wind and limb, and without fault. It afterwards appeared that the poor beast could not see at all out of one eye, and was almost blind of the other. The purchaser finding this, made heavy complaints to the dealer, and reminded him, that he engaged the mare to be without fault. "To be sure," returned the other, "to be sure I did, but then, my dear the poor creature's blindness is not her fault, at all but her misfortune."

MORALIST.

WEAK and ignorant as thou art, O man! humble as thou oughtest to be O child of the dust! wouldst thou raise thy thoughts to infinite wisdom? wouldst thou see Omnipotence displayed before thee? Contemplate thine own frame.

Fearfully and wonderfully art thou made; praise therefore thy Creator with awe, and rejoice before him with reverence.

Wherefore of all creatures art thou only erect, but that thou shouldst behold his works? Wherefore art thou to behold, but that thou mayest admire them? Wherefore to admire, but that thou mayest adore their and thy Creator?

Wherefore is consciousness reposed in thee alone? and whence is it derived to thee?

It is not in flesh to think; it is not in bones to reason. The lion knoweth not that worms shall eat him; the ox perceiveth not that he is led for slaughter.

Something is added to thee, unlike to what thou seest; something informs thy clay, higher than all that is the object of thy senses. Behold what is it?

Thy body remaineth perfect after it is fled, therefore it is no part of it; it is immaterial, therefore it is eternal; it is free to act, therefore it is accountable for its actions.

Knoweth the ass the use of food, because his teeth mow down the herbage? or standeth the crocodile erect, although his backbone is as frail as thine?

God formed thee as he had formed these;--after them all wert thou created: superiority and command were given thee over all, and of his own breath did he communicate to thee the principle of knowledge.

Know thyself then the pride of his creation, the link uniting divinity and matter; behold a part of God himself within thee; remember thine own dignity, nor dare descend to evil or to meanness.

Who planted terror in the tail of the serpent? Who clothed the neck of the horse with thunder? Even he who hath instructed thee to crush the one under thy feet, and to tame the other to thy purposes.

DRAWING SCHOOL.

J. JARVIS takes leave to inform the public, that he has opened his Academy at No. 144 William-Street, corner of Fair-Street, where Young Ladies and Gentlemen may be taught to draw in Indian Ink, Colors or Chalk, on paper, satin, vellum, &c. or to paint in oil on canvas. Hours of attendance for Ladies from 11 to 1, and Gentlemen from 6 to 8 every day, Saturday excepted. Terms 6 dollars per quarter. Entrance 3 dollars. Private lessons 1 dollar each. 684---4t

DANCING SCHOOL.

Mr. DUPORT respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentleman of this city, that his School for day and evening scholars is now opened at the old ASSEMBLY-ROOM No. 63 William Street.

Ladies and Gentlemen who wish to perfect themselves by private lessons in different characters of dances, as Allemande, Vally's, De la Cour Minuet, and Gavotte, with the Devonshire Minuet, or any other dances, &c. may depend on punctual attendance.--N. B. Those who honor Mr. Duport with their commands, or require further particulars, will please to apply at his house, No. 78 Courtlandt-Street, three doors from the corner of Greenwich-Street, where Cotillions and Country Dances of Mr. Duport's composition may be had. Nov. 14 6w.

THE LADIES OF NEW-YORK

Are respectfully informed, that LANE, & Co. have just imported from London, a small and elegant assortment of the most fashionable PELICES, (or Ladies Great Coats) which will be opened on Monday next, at No. 133 William Street. Nov 11: 4w

The person who about 8 weeks since, purchased a set of Winterbotham's History of America, from the Subscriber, and took the first vol. with him, is requested to call for the remaining vols, and pay, or return the one he took away. If he does not, his name will be made public.

JOHN TIEBOUT, 246 Water-Street.

WANTED,

A BLACK GIRL, of twelve or fourteen years of age, to be bound for a term of years. For further particulars enquire of the printer. Nov. 5.

Shortly will be published, an Original Novel.

Proposals (by Isaac N. Relfson,) for publishing by subscription, an original Novel, to be entitled,

MONIMIA,

OR THE BEGGAR GIRL.

WRITTEN BY AN AMERICAN LADY.

Part of which has appeared in the Lady's Monitor.

Of the work in contemplation, and which is now offered for public patronage, enough has already been published, in periodical numbers, to give an idea of it. This promise, however, shall accompany these proposals, that the errors which have made their appearance in the composition, and which were, in some measure, owing to the haste in which it was written, shall be carefully corrected, and every unimportant article particularly omitted.

CONDITIONS.

1. It is expected that this work will be comprised in one volume, of about 330 or 340 pages, duodecimo.

2. It will be printed on a neat type, and good paper, and be delivered to subscribers, handsomely bound and lettered, at one dollar, payable on delivery.

3. The work will be put to press immediately, and be continued with all possible exertion, till it is published.

Quilted Silk Coats,

Made and for Sale by WILL. WEYMAN,

No. 39 Maiden-Lane.

Who has just completed a great assortment, which consists of the most prevailing colours, newest fashions, and of different qualities.

A few sent for trial if requested. Coats made to particular directions with care. October 31. 79 3m

J. TICE,

Perfumer and Ornamental Hair-Manufacturer.

Has removed from No. 19 Park Row, to No. 134 William-Street, next door to Mr. Robertson's Carpet Store --where he has for sale an elegant assortment of Ladies' wigs and Fillies, of various colors, and of the most recent fashions, which he has received by late arrivals from Europe--with a general assortment of PERFUMERY, of the first quality, &c. &c.

He has also for sale--A new invented Liquid Blacking, for boots and shoes, which is an excellent preservation for the leather, and renders it water-proof, and will not even soil the whitest silk. Black morocco that is become rusty, by the use of this Blacking, will look equal to new.--To be had only at the above store. Nov. 14.

REMOVAL.

HIRAM GARDNER, Ladies Shoe-maker, has removed his store from No. 114 to No. 91 Broadway, opposite the Trinity Church.

HIRAM GARDNER returns his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public for their past patronage, and humbly solicits a continuance of their favors, to merit which no endeavors shall be wanting. At the same time he begs leave to inform them that he has received by the late arrivals from London, a large and fashionable assortment of FANCY LEATHER for Ladies Shoes, particularly supply of elegant, tea and purple colored Kid and Morocco.

NB. Merchants and others may be supplied with shoes suitable for the Southern and West-India markets, at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

November 14. 1801.

81 6w

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

THE partnership of E. and R. JOHNSTON is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

Nov. 12, 1801.

ROBERT JOHNSTON.

The business is still carried on by E. JOHNSTON, Book-Binder and Stationer, No. 385 Pearl-Street, opposite Rutgers-Street, New-York.

November 28.

ELKANAH JOHNSTON.

EVENING TUITION.

MR. DUPORT presents his respects to the young Gentlemen of this city, and informs them that his EVENING SCHOOL, was opened on Tuesday the 24th inst. at the OLD ASSEMBLY ROOM, William Street. The subscription is now open at Mr. Duport's house, No. 78 Courtlandt Street. Mr. D. requests those Gentlemen who intend honoring him with their attendance, to apply as soon as possible.

Nov. 28.

Printed and published by J. HARRISON, No. 3 Peck-Slip.